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A Talk With Girls.

Let us speak very briefly of some of the elements which go to make up a beautiful womanly character:

The first is industry. Willingness and ability to work lie at the basis of all good character. The moral discipline, the patience, the steadiness of purpose, the power to overcome, that are gained in work, and only in work, are just as necessary to women as to men; and the girl who is given no chance of learning these traits is sadly defrauded.

Besides, there are strong reasons why girls ought to be well-trained in that particular kind of work which they are most likely to be called upon to perform. All women, however situated, should have a practical knowledge of manual labor; should know how to cook, to purchase household stores, how to avoid waste, how to cut and sew garments, how to nurse the sick. All these things should be a part of a thorough education, and few women can pass through life, no matter what their means or station, who will not find the time when such knowledge will hold others, even if personally they get on very well without it. Girls should be trained to regard all work in the broadest meaning as honorable. Whatever is necessary to be done is honorable work for highest and lowest alike.

After industry comes thoroughness. It is not enough to be busy; we ought to do well whatever our hands find to do, else we may be forced to say what Hugo Grocius said when he came to the end: "Alas! I spent my life in laboriously doing nothing." To be thorough in study, to be thorough in work, ought to be the aim of every girl, not less than of every boy. Our methods of female education have encouraged superficiality rather than thoroughness.

After thoroughness, independence. A habit of relying on your own judgment, a habit of thinking for yourself, and caring for yourself, not selfishly, but in a true womanly fashion—a habit of taking responsibility and bearing it bravely is one of the habits that women as well as men need to cultivate. Your parents ought to give you some chance to form this habit; it is a great mistake to shield a girl from all care, and then, by and by, when the helpers on whom she was leaning fall by her side, to leave her with judgment untrained and powers undisciplined, to carry the burdens of life.

Respect for character, for manhood and womanhood, more than for money or rank, or even genius, is another of the first lessons that every girl ought to learn. Virtue, truth, fidelity, these are the shining things that every true woman honors, and she who values above these a coat-of-arms or a bank account, degrades herself. There is a silly snobbery among some of our girls that is the reverse of lovely, and should not be encouraged.

We might speak of many other elements of character indispensible to the truest womanhood, such as truthfulness, and conscientiousness, and purity, and modesty, and fidelity, but we will only name one or two more. Consecration. It is a great word. It means many things. It means, to begin with, that God has some purpose concerning you, some good work for each of you to do. It means that He has given you the power to serve in some way, and that He wishes you to devote that power which He has given you to that service for which He created you. What kind of work He has for you to do I cannot tell, but I know that He has called every one of you with a high calling, to some ennobling work. Not to be butterflies, not to be drones, not to be sponges, has He called any of you, but to be helpers, and ministrae, and friends of all good; to wait with ready hands and loving hearts for the service that you can do for Him. Most of you will be called to the dignity of wifehood and womanhood; there is no greater dignity than that, and no nobler work. The woman who builds and rules a beautiful and happy home; who holds the honor of her husband and the reverence of her children; who leads those whom God has given her up to vigorous and virtuous manhood and womanhood, imparting to them by daily communion with them, her own wisdom and nobleness, and sending them forth to do good and brave service in the world is engaged in a noble work, and there is none grander within the measure of a man or even of an angel.

But marriage may not be for all of you, and should not be for any of you the chief end. While happy wifehood is the glory and blessing of every true-hearted woman's life, and maternity the crown of this—more to be desired than queendom, she should hold herself too pure and dear a thing to marry for home, or position, or because it is expected of her. Many women are living happily and nobly out of wedlock, and no one is fit for it who is not fit to live without it. To what kind of service He called you, then, we cannot tell; but we know that for you as for Him, the joy of life must be, not in being ministered unto, but in ministering. God help you to understand it, girls, before it it too late. There is so much good in living, if one knows how to live; there is such delight in serving when one has learned to serve, that we do not like to see any of you going on aimlessly and selfishly, and laying up in store for yourselves a future of disquietude and gloom. There is a better and brighter way than this, a way that has never been pointed out more clearly than in the simple words of Mr. Hale: "To look up and not down; to look forward and not back; to look out and not in; and to lend a hand." Set your feet in that path, and follow it patiently, and you will find it the path "that shineth more and more unto the pefect day."

Grant's Infamy.

Donn Piatt writes an open letter to his old friend General Garfield, warning him of the dangers ahead of him, and in the letter speaks of Grant as follows: "It was your committee that investigated that national shame called 'Black Friday,' wherein Fisk, Gould and Grant sought, through a use of the national treasury, to enrich themselves at the expense of thousands of honest men. Is not my purpose to recall the details of that infamy. The chief criminal was tracked to the threshold of the Executive Mansion, and your committee passed a resolution calling upon the President to appear before the cammittee and defend himself from the damning proof that made him the chief conspirator. The night of the day the resolution was passed youcalled with it upon the President. It was after midnight before you left the White House, amazed and sick at heart, and at your suggestion that very day the resolution was revoked. I need not say that you and I know why that resolution was so suddenly abondoned. The fact that under the circumstances it was revoked tells the whole story. The very Democrats of the committee shrank from the threatened exposure."

There is joy in Burmah just now, for one of King Theebaw's consorts has quite recently presented that monarch with a son. Mother and child are doing well. The happy father is so elated by the achievements of his spouse, Su Hpayah Lat, that he has announced his intention to wed her younger sister forthwith. As he has put to death nearly all his relatives having any claim to the succession, his Majesty cannot be too fervently congratulated upon the acquisition of an heir, from cutting whose throat he will probably be deterred by the feelings of a father and the interests of a dynasty.

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A Dispassionate View.

The people of the Southern States have taken their defeat with a great deal of good humor. They behave far better under their disappointment than did their Northern allies. There are many reasons for this. The first is their larger experience in such matters. They know an Appomattox when they see one. Another is that they have local success to offset national defeat. They kept their half of the bargain. General Hancock was not beaten south of the line. Yet another is that they are a more intelligent class than the Democrats of the North, with more states maalike instincts, and, therefore, greater capacity for accepting the situation. But the chief reason is the character of the people. They have a natural urbanity, which forbids the prolongation of a struggle beyond the point of usefulness. If beaten, they do not scold. They can afford defeat, but not ill manners.

That there are distinctive good points in the Southern character, is felt by all who have had much intercourse with them. Their civilization may be said to be of a lower type than ours. They have not the ideas of equal rigats, free speech, honorable labor and universal intelligence, which characterize the North. But it is our misfortune that we have lost as well as gained in our advance to these. At the very least there has been a temporary loss. The exclusively commercial character of our pursuits has infected us with a selfishness, and eagerness, a crudeness of manner, which are not seen to anything like the same degree in the South. If it were possible to lift the South into all that is best in Northern civilization, without their losing what they have of good in themselves, the result would be one of the finest syntheses in character.

The question of their political future is pressing on the attention of the Southern people. One set says, "Let us give up politics, and attend to our industrial developement. The fortune of the South lies in its wealth not in politice." There is truth in this, but half truth only. The Southern people ought to be rich, and will be so as fast as the notion that labor is disgraceful perishes from their minds, with other legacies of slavery. But the South cannot give up politics, it would be adjuring their own proper characters. Nor is it desirable that they should. The destruction or diminution of public spirit in any shape, or in any corner of the country, would be a national misfortune. For the Southern people to sink into mere cotton traders and cotton spinners would be a miserable ending to an existence gloriously begun.

Others advise them to join the Republican party. This advice is absurd. It bids them to do a thing impossible. The great majority of them belong, on principle and convictions, to what we might call the centrifugal party in our national politics. They are naturally resistant to the great process of nationalization, which has gone forward steadily since 1789. As resistants they have their uses. They are the checks and brakes on the national vehicle. We have always had such a party; we always will have it. It is required to conserve the rights of local self government and popular initiation and to ensure that the inevitable process of centralization of power is carried forward moderately and wisely. For ourselves, we march with the party of movement, but we believe in the need of a party of check. It is by the introduction of fair play, equal rights, and freedom of discussion in the management of their local poltics, that they will give the real ideas of their party a fair chance in a national contest. We do not want them to become Republicans; we want them to leave off being Mexicans.

To restore the negroes to their full rights as voters, and yet to prevent the re-establishment of such governments as plundered South Carolina, is a difficult task. It has been made all the more difficult by the Southern people themselves. Every past act of wrong makes it harder to go right now. As a consequence they hold the negroes down politically, as one might hold a wolf by the ears. It is dangerous to hold on; it seems destruction to let go. We all see the difficulty of the situation.—*American.*

The Word 'Negro.'

The *Standard Bearer*, edited by a negro man, says: "We are afraid that some of our readers among the colored people misunderstand the word 'negro as applied to their race, and one of our correspondents has most vigously protested against our use of it. He probably considers it synonymous with 'nigger,' a vulgar, meaningless ephthet, that no people on earth use so frequently as the colored people themselves. The word 'negro' is the proper race designation of the colored people in America, and is rightly applied to the decendants of tribes along the coast of Africa. The names our young friend alludes to with so much pride were African, but not negro. The word 'African' has no relevacy as a race designation any more than the word 'American;' an American may be Esquimaux, Sioux or Anglo Saxon according to the blood in his veins; an African may be Egyptian, Moor or Negro for the same reason, and we have never though the word African a properly descriptive adjective when applied to our race. The term 'colored,' while generally used, is rather meaningless, and strictly speaking, the word Negro (with a big N) is the only correct term, and we see no impropriety in using it. It is neither low nor degrading, unless our actions make it so, and it is open to no more objection than the words Irish or German. Our ancestors were negroes and no more barbarous or uncivilized than the ancestors of the whites, and it is only a false idea of its meaning that makes our people object to its use. In these days of fins phrases, it will be will for us to use the shorter and more expressive term, 'American citizens of African decent.'"

A Horribe Story of Burnt Cork.

Miss Plant was the niece and adopted daughter of a wealthy farmer in New York. A few days ago she ran off with a negro employed about the place. They visited a number of ministers and a Justice of the Peace, but under no circumstances would they listen to their entreaties to be married. They had about gived up in despair, and left for the house of one James Cantins, who keeps a low resort. There the wife of Cantine (a white woman) resolved that the pair should be united if she had to resort to strategy. It was decided that her face should be blackened with burnt cork. This was done and the pair started off to the parsonage of the Reformed Dutch Church, of Stone Ridge, where Rev. V. S. Hurlbert, the pastor, without for a moment suspecting the deception, united them in wedlook. When the news reached her former home her uncle was nearly crazed. Sampson and his wife have settled down at Lapala, a negro colony. Miss Plant, who is now about 17 years of age, would have fallen heir to the large part of the property of her uncle, who is estimated to be worth from $60,000 to $70,000.

A gentleman made up his mind that he would give his wife a pleasant surprise by spending the eveniug at home. After supper he settled himself down for a cozy time in the bosom of his family. He had no more than comfortably fixed himself when his wife abruptly asked him if his friends didn't want him any longer. Then his mother-in-law asked him if he had exhausted his credit. The servant asked him if he was ill. One of the neighbors wanted to know if he had any trouble and was afraid of the law. All of which occurred in twenty minutes, for in exactly half an hour he was beyond questioning range in his club.

Miss Flynn's Lover.

Miss Mary Flynn was studying medicine and being courted at the same time. Mr. William Budd was attending to the latter part of the business. One evening while they were sitting together in the parlor Mr. Budd was thinking how should he manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts to him.

'Do you know,' she said, 'that thousands of persons are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory peduncle?'

'Millions of 'em,' replied Mr. Budd.

'And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her she could not wink without a sphincter muscle!

'How unreasonable.!'

'Why a person can't kiss without a sphincter!'

'Indeed?'

'I know it is so!'

'May I try if I can?'

'Oh, Mr. Budd, it is too bad for you to make light of such a subject!'

Then he tried it, and while he held her hand she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the body.

'It is remarkable how much you know about these things,' said Mr. Budd—'really wonderful. Now for example, what is the bone at the back of the head called?'

'Why, the occipital bone, of course.'

'And what are the names of the muscles of the arm?'

'The spiralis and the intra-spiralis, among others.'

'Well, now, let me show you what I mean. When I put my intra spiralis around your waist, so, is it your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder blade in this way?'

'My back hair, primarily, but the occipital bone, of course, afterward. But oh, Mr. Budd, suppose pa should come in and see us?'

'Let him come! Who cares?' said Mr. Budd, boldly. 'I think I'll exercise a sphincter and take a kiss.'

'O, Mr. Budd, how can you!' said Miss Flynn, after he had performed the feat.

'Don't call me Mr. Budd; call me Willie,' he said, drawing her closer. 'You accept me, don't you? I know you do darling.'

'Willie,' whispered Miss Flynn, very faintly.

'What, darling?'

'I can hear your heart beat.'

'It beats only for you, my angel.'

'And it sounds out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform.'

'Small wonder for that when it's bursting for you.'

'You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine.'

'Its your property, darling; do what you like with it. But somehow the sphincter operation is one that strikes me most favorably. Let us again see how it works.'

But why proceed? The old, old story!—*Troy Times.*

George Alfred Townsend says the Radicals intend to devote particular attention to South Carolina, Louisiana Florida and Mississippi. Let them devote if they wish. Nothing they can do will ever make us submit to the thieving government we had in the past, while, in our opinion, if the Rads get on too high a horse the Independent vote North will down them in a tidal wave in 1882 similar to that 1874. It behooves both parties to be on their good behavior. They will be closely watched.

A correspondent wishes to know our opinion of "Touch the Harp Gently." It is first class. Any song calculated to make people touch the harp gently ought to be encouraged. Of course, one that would induce them to leave it alone entirely would be preferable; but, as Benjamin Franklin said, a move in the right direction beats standing still.

Agricultural.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said of it, that the farmers has grand trusts confided to him. In the great household of nature he stands at the door of the bread room and weighs to each his loaf. The glory of the farmer is that, in the division of labor, it is his part to create. All trade rests at last on his primitive authority He stands close to nature; he obtains from the earth the bread and the meat. The food which was not, he causes to be. The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work, but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and the feeling that this is the original calling of his race, that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstances which made him delegate it for a time to other hands. If he had not some skill which recommends him to the farmer some product for which the farmer gives him corn, he must himself return into his due place among the planters. And the profession has in all eyes its ancient charm as standing nearest to God, and the first cause. Then the beauty of nature, the tranquility and innocence of the countryman, his independence, and his pleasing arts—the care of bees, of poultry, of sheep, of cows, the dairy, the care of hay, of fruit, of orchards and forests, and the reaction of these on the workman in giving him a strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature—all men acknowledge. All men keep the farm in reserve as an asylum, where in case of mischance, to hide their poverty or a solitune if they do not succeed in society.

Already the Republican brethren are in a state of mind as to how the spoils of war are to be distributed among the different competitors. There is hardly a statesman of any prominence in the party who doesn't claim to have elected Garfield all by himself, and as every man of them wants first place in his own particular balliwick, the situation is rather embarrassing. In Pennsylvania alone there are said to be over twenty claimants for the Senatorship, while for the succession from Ohio, which has been pretty well drained of its statesmen, there are at least half as many. One of the singular features of the Ohio contest, by the way, is the reported candidacy of President Hayes for the vacancy in the Senatorship created by the election of Gen. Garneld to the Presidency. The competitors for other Senatorships elsewhere and for other Cabinet positions is also decidedly animated, and the chances are that not a few stalwart hearts will be made to bleed within the next four months.

During the campaign every Democratic victory caused a panic in Wall Street, while every favorable indication for Garfield sent stocks booming. In this way the timid capitalists were induced to vote the Radical ticket. But the very day after the election the market tumbled disastrously, and it hasn't gone back yet to the old prices. The whole thing was a huge electioneering scheme engineered by the immaculate financier, John Sherman. The best part of it is that a number of guileless Radicals, believing in the sincerity of the thing, invested heavily before the election, anticipating a decided boom after the triumph of Republicanism was assured. As they paid up the margin they indulged in curses deep and loud, over the way they had been taken in.

The President of the National Park Bank, of New York, was one of those they say, who deemed it an absolute necesity to crush out the rebellious and Solid South. Yet his institution has always been largely patronized by the Solid South and he has never complained.

Our patrons are earnestly requested to square up.